

An Excellent New Ballad,

To the Tune of, *How Unhappy is Phillis in Love*:

[1]
Let *Oliver* now be forgotten,
His Policy's quite out of Doors;
Let *Fradshaw* and *Hewson* lie rotten,
Like Sons of Fanatical Whores:
For *Tony's* grown a Patrician,
By Voting damn'd Sedition,
For many years,
Fam'd Polititian,
The Mouth of all Presbyter Peers.

[2]
Old *Tony* a Turn-coat at *Worster*,
Yet swore he'd maintain the King's Right;
But *Tony* did Swagger and Bluster,
Yet never drew Sword on his side.
For *Tony* is like an old Stallion,
He has still the Pox of Rebellion,
And never was sound;
Like the *Camelion*,
Still changing his Shape and his Ground.

[3]
Old *Rowly's* return'd (Heave'n's bless him,)
From Exile and Danger set free;
Old *Tony* made haft to Address him,
And swore none more Loyal then He:
The King, (who knew him a Traytor,)
And saw him squint like a Satyr;
Yet through his Grace,
Pardon'd the Matter,
And gave him since the *Purse* & the *Mace*.

[4]
And now little *Chancellor Tony*,
With Honour had feather'd his Wing,
And carefully pick'd up the Money,
But never a Groat for the King:
But *Tony's* Luck was confounded;
The D. who smoakt him a Round-head;
From Head to Heel
Tony was founded,
And *T*—soon put a Spoke in his Wheel.

[5]
But now little *Tony* in Passion,
Like Boy that had nettl'd his Breech,
Maliciously took an occasion,
To make a most delicate Speech;
He told the King like a Croney;
If e're he hop'd to have Money,
He must be Rul'd:
Oh fine *Tony*!
Was ever Potent Monarch so school'd?

[6]
The King issues out a *Proclamation*,
By Learned and Loyal Advice;
But *Tony* possesses the Nation
The Council will never be wise:
For *Tony* is madder and madder,
And *M*—— blows like a Bladder,
And *L*—— too,
Whogrows gladder,
That They Great *Tork* are like to subdue.

[7]
But Destiny shortly will cross it,
For *Tony's* grown Gouty and Sick,
In spite of his Spiggot and Fawcet,
The States-man must go to *Old Nick*:
For *Tony* rails at the *Papist*,
Yet He himself is an *Atheist*;
Though so precise,
Foolish and Apish,
Like Holy *Quack* or *Priest* in Disguise.

[8]
But now let this Rump of the Law-see,
A Maxim as Learned in part;
Who e're with his Prince is too sawey,
'Tis fear'd he's a Traytor in's Heart:
Then *Tony* cease to be witty,
By buzzing Treason i'th' City;
And love the King,
So ends my Dity;
Or else let him die like a Dog in a string.